



## Christian Spiritualist.

So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow in the Footsteps of their Labors.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1855.

### SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENTS.

The unfolding of the Spiritual element in man through all ages and in all nations, is now so generally acknowledged as an Anthropological fact, that even the modern Atheistic and Pantheistic schools attempt the scientific and philosophic explanation of its development. On the common recognition, therefore, of philosophic consistancy in reasoning, and harmonic unity in nature, the unfolding of some new phase of this element might be expected where progression is the accredited order of Nature and the constitutional tendency of man.

In sight of these convictions, we are somewhat unable to comprehend the value of those criticisms, which sneeringly point to the past, as if the very association of a historic antecedent was prejudicial, if not fatal to the argument of the Spiritual reasoner. This is the more difficult, since another, and by far the larger class of critics, make it a *first* principle in all their reasoning, to speak and write of the *naturalness* of the phenomena, be it what it may, as if nature had either in part or as a whole revealed herself in "naked loveliness" to their sagacious understandings, thus authorizing them to pronounce judgment for all coming time.

Fortunately, however, the Almighty Mind still hold the "balance and the rod" for all such, since in the divine order of Nature's unfolding, we see little attention paid to the conclusions of the schools or the sneer of the critic. Between the conflicts of opinion resultant from the antagonisms of schools, the calm and thoughtful mind will look to and for the divine manifestations of God's order in nature, for the majority of men agree in the belief that "day unto day uttered speech, and night unto night addeth knowledge" in every department of her economy.

The critics and opposers of Spiritualism, however, manifest great glee, because in their *rise en masse* they think if manifestations are found in China or some other place, therefore the whole thing is but the revival of an old superstition, trick, or whatever they may be pleased in their wisdom and clarity to name the phenomena.

But good sense would say, inasmuch as it has thus existed, and manifests a common type in every age and nation; therefore, instead of its being a superstition or humbug, it is, because it must be, from the very nature of its characteristics a natural phenomena. At least, this is the *rational* of most scientific conclusions, and philosophy is made authoritative and *positive* by thus translating the exhibitions of Nature.

*Universality* is therefore the great characteristic of all natural phenomena, since truth is ever consistent with itself, and Nature knows no exceptions.

Very much might be said on this point, but the present occasion only requires that we remind the reader, that the exhibition of the Spiritual phenomena in other countries, either in this or in past ages, only goes to confirm the *thinker* in the propriety and wisdom of the conclusion that makes Spiritualism a part of Nature, since its developments marries with the history of the past while manifesting the wonders of the present. Nor need this surprise any, when they understand that the philosophy of Nature, is but the true knowledge of *relations and conditions*, that enter into and makes fact—fact, and phenomena—phenomena, to the end of Nature's unfolding.

Thus, we see the presence of a medium in a place or circle where *honesty* and kindness are characteristic of those attending, the phenomena appears, and Spirit-intercourse becomes henceforth a fact in the history of the race.

### THE WORLD'S CONVENTION.

The reader will remember, Robert Owen, some months since, called a "World's Convention," to be convened in St. Martin's Hall, London, on the 14th May. The purpose of the Convention seems to have been the inauguration of "*the commencement of the mission*" by Robert Owen, which in plainer language means the reading of Robert Owen's views on the present and prospective state of society to those who might be present on that occasion. We say seems, for now that the "Report of the Great Convention of the Delegates of the Human Race" is before us, we cannot discover that anything was done beyond the reading of Robert Owen's manuscript, and some remarks by Mr. Atkins and Mr. Pemberton.

The address of Mr. Owen is a repetition and amplification of views long since advocated by him in this country, and for a time practiced in the New Lanark community in England, and others in this country.

That good will spring from the Convention, we do not doubt, for the very nature of the meeting was too significant, and the spirit of those attending too earnest and harmonious, to pass without effect in a country where poverty in one form or another, seems to be the birth-right, and crime the occupation of over one half of its inhabitants.—The assumptions of Mr. Owen may convince few, of his ability to outline a better or more harmonious Society than the one he lives in, but the life he *has lived*, is "England's glory and shame," for if she can *provide* herself on having reared a man of such generous and philanthropic feelings as Robert Owen, she must feel humiliates, when she remembers the *depravity* and *degradation* that requires the presence and necessitates the exertions of such men.

Let us hope, therefore, that the spirit of this meeting may inspire others, and call into being Conventions of a more practical character, to make such provisions for the daily needs of Society, as the issues of life make necessary, for the belief is deep and positive with many in this country as well as in Europe, that a change must come to the *dynasties* of royalty and the practices of aristocracy, without time is to move backward, and the humanitarian spirit of the age to pass away with the *adventures* that called it into being.

Mr. Owen, at the close of the meeting, stated that several talented delegates were present from America and other countries; and that they would address the public on a future occasion."

The following extract from the "report" will outline the spirit and character of the Convention:

The Convention met at noon, May 14th, 1855. There was a very large attendance of persons from various countries, and every available portion of space was occupied, many hundreds being unable to obtain admittance for want of space. Even the passages out of sight of the platform were crowded. The Convention was attended by a considerable number of ladies, who took the greatest interest in the proceedings.

Shortly after twelve o'clock, Mr. Owen came upon the platform, attended by several friends; many delegates were present.

As soon as Mr. Owen rose to address the assembled multitude, he was warmly greeted with rounds of acclamation and applause. He seemed in very excellent health, notwithstanding his great age; that being his 55th birthday.

### THE BIBLE AND ITS ADVOCATES.

There are many things, had they the gift of speech, that would exclaim with Shakespeare's character, "save me from my friends," for an unwise and *injudicious* friend is often more injurious and prejudicial than an open and an avowed enemy. Were the history of christendom destitute of instances to illustrate this truth, the manifestation of sectarian rancor, that associates Spiritualism with Infidelity, and Spirit-intercourse and communion with *demonism*, would fitly sustain the truth of the above assumption, since it is a conclusion worthy of all acceptance, that "a house divided against itself can't stand." That Spiritualism is the friend of the Bible, is with those who know the *genius* of the one, and the meaning of the other, now-a-days, a common place *truism*, still it seems we must reiterate the statement from time to time to save ourselves from misconception and abuse. No doubt there are those of the Spiritual family not over lavish of praise or veneration for the Church or the Bible, but if those are not the exceptional phases of the great unfolding of Spiritual life now going on, they form at least but a small minority of the whole.

This opposition, however, may be the natural consequence of ignorance on the part of the *Spirit Rapper* as well as the *Bible believer*, for as long as *exclusiveness* is characteristic of either, so long will extremes be natural, and dogmatism and abuse fashionable. So long as either party wish to think themselves wise and consistent, instead of learners and truth-seekers, just so long will the Bible be a disputed territory, and truth a *martyr*. We hope, however, the Almighty Mind still hold the "balance and the rod" for all such, since in the divine order of Nature's unfolding, we see little attention paid to the conclusions of the schools or the sneer of the critic. Between the conflicts of opinion resultant from the antagonisms of schools, the calm and thoughtful mind will look to and for the divine manifestations of God's order in nature, for the majority of men agree in the belief that "day unto day uttered speech, and night unto night addeth knowledge" in every department of her economy.

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### SINGULAR MANIFESTATIONS.

A "haunted house" is, no *new* thing under the sun or in history—so we have little to marvel at beyond the *fact*, that a thing so long known should be so little understood. We may expect, however, as this development has some peculiarities, that some one may be bold enough to attempt an investigation. It may be a veritable Spirit manifestation, but the circumstantial statement of a reliable witness would be desirable before passing an opinion on the following:

**HAUNTED HOUSE IN NEWPORT—MAN KILLED BY SPIRITS—MYSTERIOUS DOINGS.**—We are informed that a haunted house has been discovered in Newport, the institution of venerable *Methodist* association is situated on Main street, near the Suspension bridge, and it is recently occupied by a family named Park. There has been much sickness in the house, and very often in the middle of the night, strange noises have been heard—sounds similar to those made by striking violently with a small stick on the stove, rumbling and smart raps about the walls, and heavy blows on the floor, while the chimney has given forth a quantity of uncleanliness, and troubling about in a marvelous manner. Several families have been frightened out of the place by continual sickness when residing in it, and the disturbances we have indicated. The latest tenant was named Parks, and there was much illness in his family, as in others, and the mysterious knockings, thumpings, and rattlings, generally during the night, and alarmingly loud, and complained to his wife that he was dreadfully thirsty, but Spiritual demonstrations were then being made about the premises with such sound and fury that he said he was afraid to go for a drink. His wife seems to have been composed of stern steel, as she said to him "In the name of the devil you won't go to hell, go and get a doctor, and I'll get you out of the house." And this he hesitated no longer, but leaped out of the bed and started down stairs, but he had descended only one step when he was precipitated headlong to the bottom of the flight, and, falling upon his head, his neck was broken, and he died instantly. His frightened family, believing that he had been killed by "Spirits," kept him dead until the coroner's inquest, and then they took him to the coroner's office, and then to the coroner, and then to parts unknown. Only two or three persons outside of the family saw the corpse. One of these was an old pedlar woman, through whom this story indirectly comes. There is no doubt of the sickliness of the house, but that is fairly accounted for by the fact that it was built where a foul swamp had been, and that a swampy pestilential spot is believed to be the place.

Brother Park was suddenly, near midnight, and complained to his wife that he was dreadfully thirsty, but Spiritual demonstrations were then being made about the premises with such sound and fury that he said he was afraid to go for a drink. His wife seems to have been composed of stern steel, as she said to him "In the name of the devil you won't go to hell, go and get a doctor, and I'll get you out of the house."

Letters may be addressed to me till 14th July, at Waterbury, Conn.

I am sincerely yours for Truth and Humanity,

JOHN MAYHEW.

most conclusive tests it has been my lot to witness and proceeded the same afternoon to Southport, a very, very dark spot indeed. There I was astonished to meet an audience larger than the room could accommodate; and having determined not to expect any remuneration here, I was surprised to receive a free offering from the audience, of three dollars and fifty cents, with an invitation to lecture again on the following evening, which was well attended, and as liberally rewarded. I hope that in this spot the work has been begun, and the seed sown for a future harvest.

How often am I led to feel that the wisdom of those who direct my steps is far beyond my own.

On Saturday I arrived in the hot-bed of Orthodoxy error and Sanctified Superstition. I commenced my labors here yesterday, but had [this] audiences, on account of the extreme heat during the day. But in accordance with my instructions, and the expressed desire of our friends here, I shall remain throughout the week and next Sunday.

I can perceive signs of a movement of the waters here. Sister Lines has been doing a good work among those who direct my steps is far beyond my own.

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## CONTENTMENT.

By M. H. COBB.

Blest is the man of small desires,  
With what'sore'er he hath content;  
Who to no greater thing aspires  
Than Heaven hath lent.

Thrice happy he whose life is not  
By fierce ambition's fire consumed;  
Neath Heaven's smile to cheer his lot,  
Sweet flowers have bloomed.

I saw a man who, on Time's score  
Had not yet reckoned thirty years;  
And yet full thine had lived them o'er,  
In borrowed fears.

His frame was bony, gaunt and bent;  
His limbs were weak—his eyes were dim;  
Earth's glorious seasons came and went,  
But not for him.

Yet Heaven had lift him well at first,  
With kind, and place, and ample store;  
But still his heart in secret cursed  
A wish for more.

He could not rest on middle step,  
While others held a higher seat;  
So envy to his heart's core crept,  
To gnaw and eat.

Though fortune smiled along his way,  
And home was eloquent with bliss;  
He never knelt aside to say,  
"Thank God for this!"

I saw a man of eight years,  
Upon whom death was lightly graved  
The record of the cares and fears  
Which had bred him.

His step was buoyant, and his eye  
Was hopeful as the eye of Youth;  
His cheerful smile seemed to defy  
Care's ruthless tooth.

"Father," I cried, "though full of years,  
Thy brow is smooth, thy smile is glad;  
A pilgrim through a vale of tears,  
Yet never sad;

"Pray, tell me how thou hast passed through  
So senseless—earth's continual strife?  
At what sweet spring didst thou renew  
Thy wanling life?"

"The pale is short," said he—"think not  
Life's sweets were mine, unmixed with gall;  
But I, contented with my lot,  
THANKED GOD FOR ALL."

From Dream Land and Ghost Land.]

## THE UNVEILING OF THE LIFE TO COME.

The reflections of Washington Irving are so beautiful—are so worthy to be borne in mind by those to whom such meditations are a source of chaste pleasures, and holy delight, that we will venture to present them here to our reader.

"I am now alone in my chamber. The family have long since retired. I have heard their steps die away, and the doors clasp to after them. The murmur of voices and the peal of remote laughter no longer reach the ear. The clock from the church, in which so many of the former inhabitants of this house lie buried, has chimed the awful hour of midnight.

"I have sat by the window, and mused upon the dusky landscape, watching the lights disappearing one by one from the distant village; and the moon, rising in her silent majesty, and leading up all the silver pomp of heaven. As I have gazed upon these quiet groves and shadowy lawns, silvery over and imperfectly lighted streaks of dewy moonshine, my mind has been crowded by 'thick coming fancies' concerning those Spiritual beings which

Walk the earth.

Unseen both when we wake and when we sleep.

"Are there, indeed, such beings? Is this space between us and the Deity filled up by innumerable orders of Spiritual beings forming the same gradations between the human soul and Divine perfection, that we see prevailing from humanity down to the meanest insect? It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine inculcated by the early fathers, that there are guardian angels appointed to watch over cities and nations, to take care of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy. Even the doctrine of departed Spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings which were dear to them during the bodies' existence, though it has been debased by the absurd superstitions of the vulgar, in itself is awfully solemn and sublime.

"However lightly it may be ridiculed, yet, the attention involuntarily yielded to it whenever it is made the subject of serious discussion, and its prevalence in all ages and countries, even among newly-discovered nations that had no previous interchange of thought with other parts of the world, prove it to be one of those mysterious and instinctive beliefs, to which, if left to ourselves, we should naturally incline.

"In spite of all the pride of reason and philosophy, a vague doubt will still lurk in the mind, and perhaps will never be eradicated, as it is a matter that does not admit of positive demonstration. Who yet has been able to comprehend and describe the nature of the soul; or in what part of the frame it is situated? We know merely that it does exist; but whence it came, and whence it entered into us, and how it is retained, and where it is seated, and how it operates, all are matters of mere speculation and contradictory theories. If, then, we are ignorant of this Spiritual essence, even while it forms a part of ourselves, and is continually present to our consciousness, how can we pretend to ascertain or deny its powers and operations, when released from its fleshly prison-house?

Every thing connected with our Spiritual nature is full of doubt and difficulty. 'We are fearfully and wonderfully made,' we are surrounded by mysteries, and we are mysteries even to ourselves. It is more the manner in which this superstition has been degraded, than its intrinsic absurdity, that has brought it into contempt. Raise it above the frivolous purposes to which it has been applied, strip it of the gloom and horror with which it has been enveloped, and there is none, in the whole circle of visionary creeds, that could more delightfully elevate the imagination, or more tenderly affect the heart. It would become a sovereign comfort at the bed of death, soothing the bitter tear wrung from us by the agony of mortal separation.

"What could be more consoling than the idea that the souls of those we once loved were permitted to return and watch over our welfare!—that affectionate and guardian Spirits sat by our pillows when we slept, keeping a vigil over our most helpless hours!—that beauty and innocence, which had languished into the tomb, yet smiled unseen around us, revealing themselves in those blest dreams wherein we live over again the hours of past endeavours! A belief of this kind would, I should think, be a new incentive to virtue, rendering us circumspect, even in our most secret moments, from the idea that those we once loved and honored were invisible witnesses of all our actions.

"It would take away, too, from that loneliness and destitution which we are apt to feel more and more as we get on in our pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world, and that those who set forward with us loyally and cheerfully on the journey, have one by one dropped away from our side. Place the superstition in this light, and I confess I should like to be a believer in it. I see nothing in it that is incompatible with the tender and merciful nature of our religion, or revolting to the wishes and affections of the heart.

"There are departed beings that I have loved as

I never again shall love in this world; that have loved me as I never again shall be loved. If such beings do over retain in their blessed spheres the attachments which they felt on earth; if they take an interest in the poor concerns of transient mortality, and are permitted to hold communion with those whom they loved on earth, I feel as if now, at this deep hour of night, in this silence and solitude, I could receive their visitation with the most solemn but unalloyed delight.

"In truth, such visitations would be too happy for this world; they would take away from the bounds and barriers that hem us in, and keep us from each other. Our existence is doomed to be made up of transient embraces and long separations. The most intimate friendship—of what brief and scattered portions of time does it consist! We take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness, and we rejoice together for a few short moments, and then days, months, years intervene, and we have no intercourse with each other. Or if we dwell together for a season, the grave soon closes its gates, and cuts off all further communion; and our spirits remain in separation and widowhood, until they meet again in that more perfect state of being, where soul shall dwell with soul, and there shall be no such thing as death, or absence, or any other interruption of our union."

In the fellowship with these sweet modulations are the lines of Leigh Hunt:—

How sweet it were, if without feele fright,  
Or dying of the dreadfull beauteous sight;  
An angel came to us, and we could bear  
To see him issue from the silent air.  
To us he spake, and spake in tones ours  
His divine eyes, and bryng us from his bower.  
News of dear friends, and children who have never  
Been dead indeed—as we shall know for ever.  
Alas! we think not what we daily see  
About our hearths—Angels that are to be;  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare,  
Their souls and us to meet in happy air.  
A child, a wife, a wife, whose soul near sings  
In union with ours, breeding its future wings.

Extracts like these, scattered humorously as flowers over our literature, assure us of the deeply wrought belief of man in the reality of a Spiritual world around him. He has been loth to give it up, and had poets, whose instincts have ever been so true—and true in proportion, as they kept themselves pure—the poets would not give up the faith; they held it fast and firm, while others could not but linger over the idea of the Spirit world, and feel the reflex of some of its glories, even through the casements of their skeptical cell, they dimly perceive the truth they could not feel; they faintly apprehend what they could not describe, and went wandering about, mourning over the dead-pan of their souls.

CARLYLE, in his "Past and Present," thus forcibly says—or sings—of Labor:

"For there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to Truth; to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are Truth."

"The latest Gospel in this world is, 'Know thy work and do it.' 'Know thyself'—long enough has that poor 'self' of thine tormented thee; thou will never get to 'know' it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself, thou art an unknown individual; know what thou canst work at, and work at it like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan."

"It has been written, 'An endless significance lies in Work'; a man perfects himself by working. Fool jungles are cleared away; fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and, withal, the man himself first ceases to be jungle, and foul, unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sits himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself—all these, like hell-dogs, lie besiegling the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man; but he bends himself, with free val'ry, against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labor in him—is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright, blissof flame?"

"Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it revolving, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round, compacted World. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor, old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities, disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the potter's wheel—one of the venerable objects; old as the Prophet Ezekiel, and far older? Rude lumps of clay—how they spin themselves into mere quick whirling, into beautiful, circular dishes! And fancy the most assiduous potter, but without his wheel, reduced to make dishes or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle, unrevolving man, the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expense of coloring, what gilding and enameling she will, he is a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, knaeched, crooked, shambling, squat-cornered, amorphous botch—a mere enameled vessel of dis honesty! Let the idle think of this."

"Blessed is he who has found his word; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force, through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there it runs and flows—draining off the sour, festering water, gradually, from the root of the remotest grass-blade;—mailing, instead of pestilential swamp, a green, fruitful meadow, with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small! Labor is Life; from the immost heart of the Worker rises his God-given Force—the sacred, celestial Life essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his immost heart awakens him to all nobleness—to all knowledge, 'self-knowledge' and much else, so soon as work fitly begins. The knowledge that will hold good in working cleaves thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that! Properly thou hast no other knowledge, but what thou hast got by working; the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools; a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logie-vortices, till we try it, and fix it. 'Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone.'

"Oh, Heaven! it is mysterious—it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future ghost within him; but are in very dead ghosts! These limbs, whence had we them, this stormy force—this life-blood, with its burning passion? They are dust and shadow—a shadow system gathered around our *me*—wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine grace is to be revealed in the flesh. That warrior, on his strong war-horse, gives flashes through his eyes; force dwells in his arm and heart; but warrior and war-horse are a vision—nothing more. Stately they tread the earth, as if it were a firm substance! Fool! the earth is but a film: it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink below plummetsounding! Plummets! Phantasy, herself, will not follow them. A little while ago, and they were not; a little while, and they are not: their very ashes are not!

"So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the form of a body, and forth issuing from Cimmerian night, on Heaven's mission appears. What force and fire is in each he expends; one grinding in the mill of industry; one, hunter-like, climbing the giddy Alpine heights of science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of strife, in war with his soul; and then the Heaven saint is recalled, his earthly vesture falls away, and soon even to sense becomes a famished shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, thundering train of Heaven's artillery, does this mysterious Mankind thunder and flame in long drawn, quick succeeding grandeur through the unknown deep. Thus, like a God created fire breathing spirit host, we emerge from the Inane, hasty stormily across the astonished earth; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up in our passage. Can the earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprints of us is stamped in; the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van. But whence? oh Heaven, whither? Sense knows not, faith knows not, only that it is through mystery to mystery, from God and to God.

"We search stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is bounded by a sleep."

## THE DIGNITY OF LABOR AND THE MISSION OF WORK.

Much has been said and written on the above subject, but we question if ever it has been more forcibly or significantly presented than in the following extract of Carlyle's.

We quote it as we find it in a lecture on LABOR and SLAVERY by Horace Greeley. The subject of Slavery may have got to be a vexed question with many, but we think few, if any, can object to its discussion, when treated of in a broad, philosophic, and religious manner. There is much of Slavery in all the relations of life, it is a very common observation, and it serves too often to blind the minds of the less sensitive to the more painful phases of servitude, be it in the kitchen or on the plantation. The view of the subject here presented, however, makes it a marked sin in any and all persons, who imagine ease and luxury, the all and in all of life, since every effort that is made to tax another with labor and duty not his own, in the end proves to be a conspiracy against the peace and happiness of such mistaken and misguided persons. We hope the reflections may prove home truths therefore, for home consumption.—*Ed. Christ. Spt.*

"Our primitive conceptions of integrity are derived from Work. As a problem is sometimes to be proved or tested, so probity is character that has been subjected to the ordeal and has stood the test—in other words, is Integrity proved. All the processes of Industry, all the operations of Nature, imply honesty and truth. If any man ever made bass-wood seeds, he certainly made them to sell, not to plant; and no knave ever imagined that he could hawkwind or dupp Nature by the semblance of service without the reality. The plowman is always honest toward her, for he holds his livelihood by the tenor of such fidelity; it is only when he ceases to be a producer and appears in the radically different attitude of a trader, or vendor of his products, that he is tempted to be a knave. All Nature's processes are hearty, earnest, thorough; and Man, if he would aid, direct, or profit, by her evolutions, must approach her with frank sincerity. Hence I hold that no man ever really loved Work and was content to live by it who was not essentially honest and upright, and did not tend to become day by day more manly and humane.

For still, to the earnest vision, the Condition of the Worker—even in this favored region—is a rugged and hard one. He is not respected by others; he too often does not respect himself—Working in the main either because he must work or starve, or in order that he may be raised above the necessity of working, he does not accept Labor as a benignly appointed destiny, but as a vindictively-denounced penalty which he must endure as unmurmuringly and finish as speedily as possible. Happiness in the vulgar conception being compounded of idleness and the most unlimited gratification of the sensual appetites, and this happiness being the "end and aim" of every earthly effort, it is inevitable that the Worker should be regarded, alike by himself and by others, as one who has thus far failed, and who is therefore obnoxious to the stigma which the common mind ever affixes to the unsuccessful.—*Daily Tribune.*

and that little dot of blackened clearing will have gradually eaten away the encircling woods and given a hand to the never adjacent clearings on either side; and soon commodious dwellings, fair villages, the hum of steady, prosperous industry, and all the manifestations of civilized life will have supplanted the howl of the wolf and all the sullen influences of perpetual shade. Around no Silesia or Sevastopol, in no Crimea or Dobreja, is the Drama of Man's Life-Struggle being enacted, but in the freshly-trodden wilds of Iowa and Minnesota, on the rolling prairies of Kansas, in the far glens of Utah, and along the great future highway across the continent, where California beckons to her Eastern sisters and points them to the Wealth and Work which stretch beyond her and across the great Pacific and among the Isles of the Indian tropics. Not with the sword, but with the axe, does Man hew out his path to a higher and purer civilization; and the measure of his present attainment is his regard for the humble and unintellectual but mighty and beneficent arts of Peace.

Can it be wondered, then, that I, of child of many generations of cotters and drudging delvers, should ponder and dream over THE ELEVATION OF LABOR to something like the dignity and esteem which its merits and its utility demand? What can be more natural than that I should ask whether this fair and stately structure of Society wherein we are so amply sheltered and shielded must always rest heavily on those by whom its foundations were laid and its walls erected? If a Peer may without reproach "stand by his Order," why may not a Peasant as well?

For still, to the earnest vision, the Condition of the Worker—solitary, in this favored region—is a rugged and hard one. He is not respected by others; he too often does not respect himself—Working in the main either because he must work or starve, or in order that he may be raised above the necessity of working, he does not accept Labor as a benignly appointed destiny, but as a vindictively-denounced penalty which he must endure as unmurmuringly and finish as speedily as possible. Happiness in the vulgar conception being compounded of idleness and the most unlimited gratification of the sensual appetites, and this happiness being the "end and aim" of every earthly effort, it is inevitable that the Worker should be regarded, alike by himself and by others, as one who has thus far failed, and who is therefore obnoxious to the stigma which the common mind ever affixes to the unsuccessful.—*Daily Tribune.*

**REMARKABLE PROPHETIC.**  
[Given at Breitenthal, in Tyrol, on Christmas, 1847, by Margaret Steffel. The whole to be fulfilled before the expiration of the year 1856.]

The year 1847 is nearly passed; a year in which many a fountain of tears was dried up, and many an unbelieving heart taught to look up to Him who turneth the hearts of men as the rivers of the earth. The barns have been filled, and the casks are full of sweet wine, and the heart of man rejoiceth; but repeat, for the night cometh when no man can work.

Upon a plain, from whose centre the eye can see no limit, these combattants will rush upon each other, and their bloody slaughter will continue for the space of eight days, when the nations of Europe will come off victorious. It will be the greatest battle that was ever fought, and also the last, for then the Kingdom of God will commence on the earth—but the Kingdom of God is the Kingdom of Love and Justice, and in the name of both of these virtues, all the Nations of the Earth will bind themselves to one brotherhood. Men will no more ask one another—"Who art thou? and whence comest thou? but will love one another as brothers, and none will regard himself better than another nor wiser than his neighbor.

Many false apostles will at this time arise and disseminate doctrines that are an abomination to the Lord. Then a woman will arise who will preach the true religion, and all nations will be converted unto the doctrines of this new messenger of God, for she will proclaim the religion of love, liberty and justice, which alone may bring salvation, and through which also the kingdom of eternal felicity will be introduced.

A great revolution will break out in France. The King and his family will be driven out of the country, and a war will commence against the nobles and wealthy; their palaces will be burnt and their riches will be insufficient to protect them. There will arise a governing power of the working-classes; but after a short continuance it will disappear, and in the midst of a war with foreign powers. Then a conservative party will reach the summit of power, under whose direction France will again recover, but only after a bloody confusion.

From thenceforth there will be no kings in France—but a certain prince will yet make another attempt to erect for himself a throne; he will, however, atone bitterly for his foolish undertaking, and lose his life thereby.

Belgium will unite itself with France, and in other respects will share the same fate with it.

Spain and Portugal will be rent and distracted by civil wars; one party will succeed another in government, and each one will act more violent than the preceding. There will remain no traces whatever either of law or order, and sorrow and mourning will prevail throughout the land.

Then a man, gifted with such intellectual powers as are rarely bestowed upon one person, will come suddenly upon the arena, and give again that distracted people the blessing of peace. The names of Spain and Portugal will disappear, and the States, united under the name of the Pyrenean Republic, will become great and powerful on land and sea.

In Great Britain, the distress of the working classes will increase continually, more and more. The raging European wars, causing all commerce to cease, will give a severe blow to English industry, and bring their multitude to the lowest depth of despair. Their rage will turn itself first against the manufacturing proprietors, whose establishments they will demolish and burn to the ground. Many thousand half-starved men will cross over from Ireland, to take part in the work of destruction. Through these commotions, Great Britain—the world mistress of commerce—will receive a shock from which she will never recover. Her great possessions in America and Asia will lose, which will declare themselves independent; her navy will be annihilated in a great sea-fight, and after great vicissitudes, foreign wars and domestic revolutions